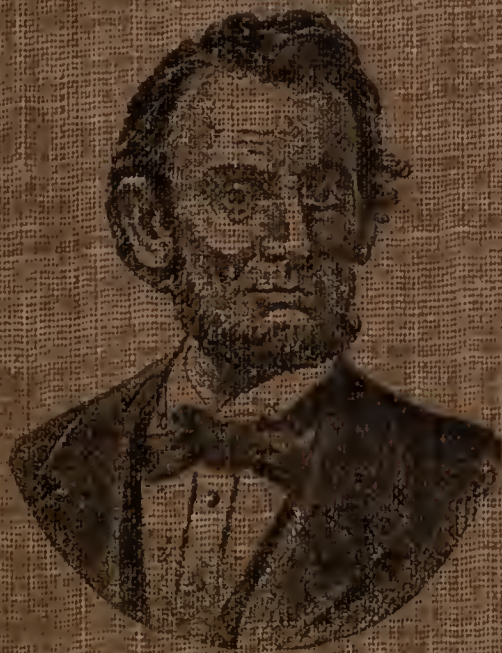
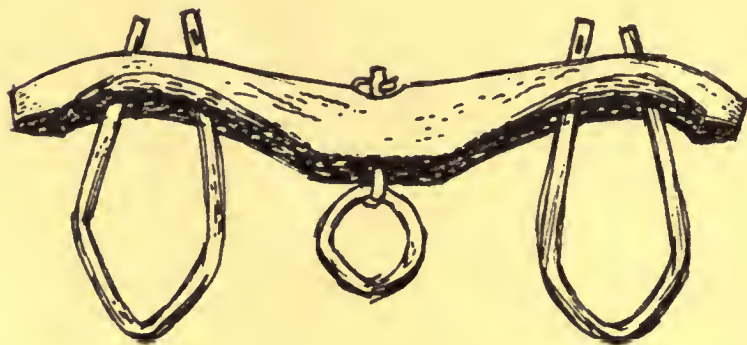


THE STORY OF LINCOLN



PUBLIC-SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO.
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
1898.

LINCOLN ROOM



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THE STORY OF LINCOLN

FOR CHILDREN.

BY
FRANCES CRAVENS.



PUBLIC-SCHOOL PUBLISHING CO.
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
1898.

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ST. GAUDEN'S STATUE OF LINCOLN.

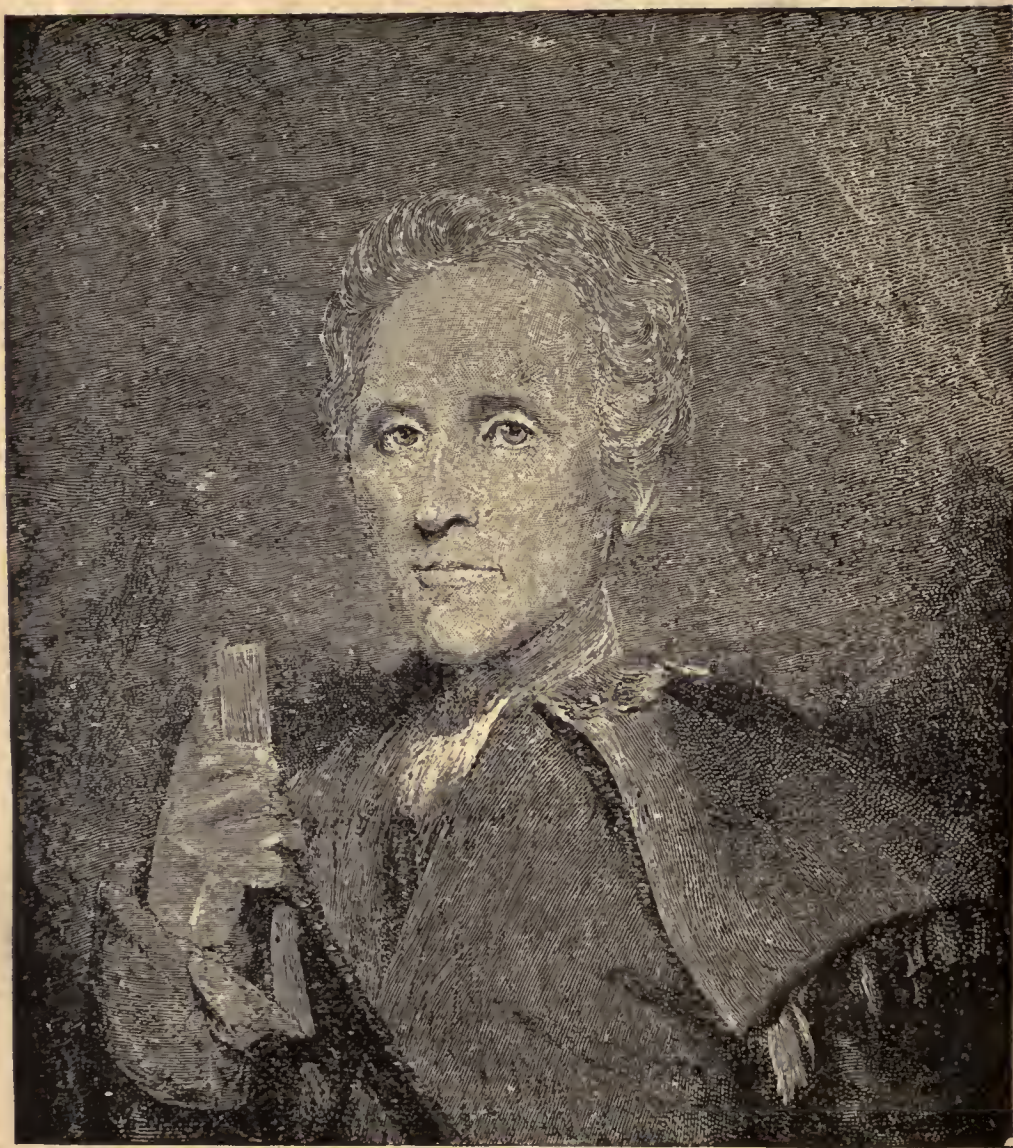
THE STORY OF LINCOLN.

I.

HIS EARLY HOME.

MANY years ago there moved from Virginia to what is now Kentucky, a number of families who wished to settle a new state. Daniel Boone led the way across the mountains into this hunting ground of the Indians.

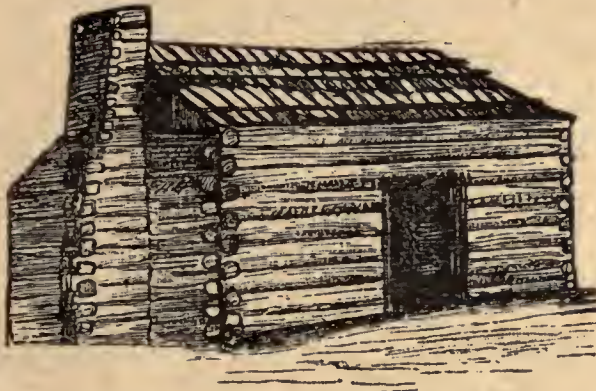
Among the number who went with him and settled in the wild region where bears, deer, and buffalo were plentiful, was a family named Lincoln. One member of this family afterward settled in Harden county, near the present little village of Hodgenville. His name was Thomas Lincoln.



DANIEL BOONE.

He cut his way through the underbrush and lived on the game he killed with his rifle. One day he came to a beautiful ever-flowing spring and decided to build him a

home near by. He soon chose a site and in a very short time had built a one-room cabin. He thought it unnecessary to make a door and hang it on hinges, so he simply left an open doorway facing the spring. Neither did he provide any window except



LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

an open space near the large clay chimney, through which not only light, but snow, rain, or sleet could easily enter.

It was to this cabin he brought his young bride, Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Although there was no floor except the hard, bare earth, and no ceiling except the hewn boards of the roof, Mrs. Lincoln tried to

make the cabin home-like and comfortable.

As soon as the cold, wintry winds began to blow, she hung a piece of her own hand-spun cotton over the window and a large bear or deer skin at the doorway.

She kept a glowing fire in the great fireplace, and on the rude bed, made of poles and covered with furry skins, she spread some of the bright quilts she had made before her marriage.

It was in this rude log cabin on the 12th of February, 1809, that a little baby boy was born, who was one day to be known all over the world. Two years before, a little girl had come into the home; her name was Sarah.

The little fellow was named Abraham, after his grandfather. The baby grew rapidly and was, in time, strong enough to go into the woods with his sister to pick violets or watch the rabbits and birds.

He and his sister had neither playmates nor toys, but they were happy children, for their mother was very kind and gentle; and, although she was always busy, she found time to talk with them about the wild flowers and animals, and to tell them beautiful stories from the Bible.

Having to work all the time herself, she taught the children to help her in many ways; and even though they were so small they were constantly at her side. They could fill her shuttle with the bright yarn which she wove into their clothes, or run to the spring near by, for the water which was to make the "hoe-cake" or "corn dodger" for dinner.

They also soon learned to use the rake and hoe and were able to help the dear mother who in the springtime toiled in the garden all day long.

The children soon learned that their

mother liked to have her little cabin neat; and they were proud to hear the neighbors say that their house was the cleanest in the whole neighborhood.

II.

ABRAHAM LEARNS TO READ.

Although Mrs. Lincoln had grown up among the rude people of the backwoods, and had never known a different life, she could do one thing that very few of the settlers could do—she could read. She taught her husband to read, also, and to write his name.

She earnestly desired that her children should know how to read and write, so she began reading the Bible to them just as soon as they were old enough to understand. Abe learned to love the beautiful stories of Joseph and David, and thought, “How nice it would be if I could only read those stories myself. I will learn, and when mother is

busy, I can read to her." His mother taught him and he was very proud of his knowledge. The neighbors thought it a wonderful thing that so young a boy should be able to read. There were very few of them who could do so much, and besides, they did not see any reason why they should wish to learn. They felt that what they most needed to know was to shoot a rifle. Soon after Abe's mother had taught him to read, a school-master came to the neighborhood and obtained leave to teach school in a cabin not far from Mr. Lincoln's. To this teacher Abraham was sent. He was the only little child in the school, but he could spell and read better than any of the grown pupils.

III.

THEY REMOVE TO INDIANA.

But Abraham was not to go to this school very long, because his father had concluded to move to Indiana.

The family lived near the Rolling Fork river which flows into the Ohio, and Mr. Lincoln concluded to transport a portion of his goods in a flat-boat which he and Abe would build. When the boat was finished, Mr. Lincoln started out alone to seek a new home.

Abe and a friend of his, named Austin Golliher, went every day to an old carpenter shop near the Lincoln home to play "tumbling summer sault" in the pile of shavings his father had left. These two

little back-woods boys had many a frolic together, and we are told that in one of these Austin saved Abe's life. They were one day chasing partridges. While trying to "coon" across Knob creek on a log, Abe fell in, and not knowing how to swim would have drowned had not Austin helped him out. This he did with a branch of a sycamore tree.

But we must now follow Abe's father on his winding journey down the river. He rowed safely into the Ohio, but there his raft broke in pieces. He, however, fished out his kit of tools and most of his goods, and continued his journey, landing safely in Indiana at the home of a settler named Posey.

He left his goods with Mr. Posey and started alone to find a location for his new home. During his first day's journey he selected a spot which pleased him. He then returned to Knob creek for his family.

What a humble picture they must have made with their few possessions! Bedding, clothing, and a few pans and kettles were strapped to the saddles of the two borrowed horses. The poor creatures stumbled many times as they trod the narrow path through the wild region, bearing the Lincoln family and their household goods. For seven days they traveled, stopping under the shade of trees, near some silvery brook to rest. At night where do you suppose they slept? On the green grass with a blanket beneath them, and one for cover. This was a weary journey for the tired mother and the little sister, but they cheerfully bore the trials, and talked gaily of the trip.

When they came to the spot Mr. Lincoln had selected, he said, "Welcome to your new home." This home was yet only a clump of big trees, and no house at all. They slept on the ground, as usual. Early

in the morning Mr. Lincoln and Abe began to clear a spot on which to build a cabin.

During the morning a neighbor came to bring them some dinner, and stayed to help with the cabin. Mrs. Lincoln, Sarah, Abe, and the two men worked hard that day, and when night came they had shelter, for they had finished building what the early settlers called a "half-face camp." This was a rude shed made of poles and covered with leaves and branches. It was enclosed only on three sides, leaving one side entirely open. In front of the open side, a fire was kept burning all the time to warm the "camp." Over the fire was suspended a large iron kettle, and in this kettle Mrs. Lincoln prepared the wild game, beans, corn, or other food for the dinner and supper. She sometimes baked Irish or sweet potatoes in the ashes, and here, too, the children often roasted nuts.

The interior of the camp was as comfortable as Mrs. Lincoln's deft hands could make it. Abraham and Sarah carried in fresh leaves to cover the hard earth floor, and over these were spread big furry skins of wild animals. In this camp the family spent the first year in Indiana. Would you like to have lain down to sleep night after night where bears, deer, and other wild animals could easily walk into your home? Think of the cold nights, of the howling wind, and the deep snows of those long months! But the Lincoln family were used to many hardships, and Thomas Lincoln was well satisfied as long as he could live where wild game was plentiful, and he and Abraham could easily keep the family supplied with meat.

Mr. Lincoln was a kind-hearted man and fond of his children. Often, after a busy day of felling the trees, out of which a new

home was built in the spring, he would sit in the evening with Abraham on his knee, telling him thrilling tales of the Indians.

One of these stories was of Abe's grandfather. Abraham liked to hear his father talk of Indians, but this one of his grandfather almost made his hair stand on end.

"One morning, when I was only six years old," began Mr. Lincoln, "My father started out to work. He took my two older brothers and myself with him. We had gone only a short distance from our cabin when an Indian darted out from behind a tree, rushed toward us, and before we had time to defend ourselves, killed our father. My younger brother started for the nearest fort for help, but Mordecai, my eldest brother, ran home for his musket. He climbed up in the loft where he could see the Indian plainly, and took good aim. He fired and the Indian fell dead. I sat there beside my father,



DEATH OF LINCOLN'S GRANDFATHER.

sobbing as if my heart would break. I was too scared to move. The Indian was just about to seize me when Mordecai shot him. I screamed with fright, and in a few minutes Mordecai took me in his arms and tried to soothe me; but I did not get over the fright for a long time."

The story telling did not last very late at night, because all had to retire early in

order to be ready for the next day's work. Those were busy days for Abraham, although he was only a little boy. Hunting, chopping, hewing, and trapping, left him little time to play; but perhaps he did not think of that.

But there came some terribly cold days during this winter in the camp, when Abraham could not go out of doors to work. Those days Abraham never forgot, for at such times his mother taught him how to write.

At last the long winter passed and spring came with birds, wild flowers, and sunshine. It was then that the new cabin was built. Although it was only a rude log house with one room below and a loft above, the family thought it very fine; as indeed it was, compared with their other homes.

IV.

HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.

Everybody was busy all day long that spring and summer. The vegetables had to be planted and cared for; cooking, washing, ironing, spinning, all required Mrs. Lincoln's care. Besides this the corn had to be planted and tended, and the good mother helped with everything. Poor, tired mother!

When autumn came the willing hands of the children had to take care of the house, for Mrs. Lincoln had become too weak to work. One day she was taken very ill. The neighbors came and did all in their power to ease her pain, but nothing helped her.

A few days after this she called Abe to her bedside and told him she must leave him very soon. Abe knew what those words meant, and he sobbed bitterly; but his mother calmed him at last by telling him she was going to a beautiful home, where he could come some day if he would try to live as she had taught him. One of the things she said to him was, "Mother wants her little boy to be honest, truthful, and kind to everybody, and always to trust in God."

In early October, she closed her tired eyes, and Abraham knew she would not open them again. Kind neighbors buried her under a large sycamore tree near by. Here they tenderly laid Nancy Lincoln to rest.

How lonely the children were during that long winter which followed! Abraham was very sad because no minister could be

present to preach a funeral sermon. But not one lived in all that country. At last one day the lonely child thought of a preacher they had known in Kentucky. He believed he would come if they could let him know about it. He asked permission of his father to write a letter asking the preacher to come. Mr. Lincoln consented and helped Abraham by making a pen from a goose quill.

When the letter was finished it was directed to David Elkin — this was the preacher's name—and sent by some friend to Kentucky.

At last the letter reached the good man, who was so touched by Abraham's sorrowful pleading that he set out at once for the Lincoln home, although he knew he would gain no reward except the gratitude of the child. Perhaps he thought, too, that in doing a noble act he would feel happier than

money could make him. It was a long journey, over a hundred miles, through trackless forests inhabited by wild animals; but he never faltered in his determination.

At last when early spring had come he arrived. Again the kind neighbors gathered to honor the memory of her whom they all loved. They listened to the comforting words of the minister, sang hymns, and joined fervently in the prayers that were offered. From that day Abraham Lincoln was a nobler boy. He seemed to feel the force of his mother's teachings and to resolve to become a man who would be an honor to his Christian mother. When he was president of the United States he once said: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

V.

HIS NEW MOTHER.

The year after his mother's death was the saddest Abraham ever knew. He longed so much for her that his father felt troubled about him. Knowing how Abe loved books he concluded to find him something to read, thus hoping to help the little fellow forget his sorrow. Hearing that a friend living twenty miles away owned "Pilgrim's Progress," he walked all that distance, bought the book, and took it home to Abe, who read it with great delight.

Before the next December a beam of sunshine came into Abe's lonely life. A new mother came with Mr. Lincoln on his return from a visit to his old Kentucky home.

Sarah and Abraham were glad indeed to welcome the cheery, bright-faced woman whom their father brought home as his wife. They were also pleased to see the two happy girls and the boy who, they were told, were to be their sisters and brother. Their faces fairly glowed with happiness when they discovered the six good chairs, a bureau, and some other pieces of furniture, beside a nice soft feather bed, which their new mother had brought with her for their home. They felt that a happy change had come into their lives. Indeed it was not long before they realized the comfort and cheer their new mother had also brought, for Mrs. Lincoln was a tender-hearted woman and felt very sorry for the two poorly-dressed, barefooted children who had greeted her so kindly. She made warm clothes for them and when night came she tucked them into a clean soft bed with plenty of warm covers.

She persuaded her husband to lay a wooden floor, to "chink" the crevices between the logs, and to hang a door. After this was done, she arranged her good furniture so as to make the once cheerless house very bright and home-like.

Mrs. Lincoln loved children and was as kind to Sarah, Abraham, and a little cousin, John Hanks, who made his home with them, as to her own, but perhaps the one who showed her the greatest love and kindness in return was Abraham. She soon learned to lean upon him and to wish to help him to gain the education he so much craved.

VI.

AT SCHOOL.

Not many months after this marriage, the people of the neighborhood decided to build a school-house; and soon the men met and chopped down the trees, hewed the logs, and raised the cabin. There were no desks in the school-houses in Indiana at that time, but the sturdy youths did not object to sitting on seats made of logs split in two. The men made several benches, built a chimney of sticks and clay, and left a space for one window. This they covered with greased paper. When the house was completed, a man named Azel Dorsey was engaged to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic. Mrs. Lincoln started Abe to school. Perhaps you

would like to have a picture of him at this time. He had on a buckskin suit of clothes, and a cap which Mrs. Lincoln made from the skin of a raccoon.

He carried an old arithmetic as well as a speller; how proud and happy he felt, and how rapidly he learned that winter! One day during this term, Mr. Dorsey said to his pupils, "Boys, somebody has broken my buck's horns that were nailed to the back of my house. Do you know who did it?"

"Yes, sir," said Abe, "I did it. I was hanging on them with my whole weight, and they broke right off. I did not think they would break, or I should not have done it, and I am very sorry."

Abe had not forgotten the words of his own mother, "Be truthful and honest."

VII.

HE LOVES TO READ.

There were many wild animals in Indiana at that time, and Abe had to go through the dense woods alone, where bears were frequently seen. But it would have taken more than bears to keep him away from school. He wanted to learn. There were many things he wanted to know.

But Abe's school days were soon over. His father thought he was losing too much time. However, Abe was determined to continue studying. As soon as his day's work was done, he began his lessons. He read, wrote, and ciphered. His loving mother encouraged him by allowing him to use all the books she had, borrowing others,

To Exercise Multiplication

There were 40 men concerned in paying
a sum of money and each man paid 1271¹/₂
how much was paid in all —

$$\begin{array}{r} 1271\frac{1}{2} \\ 40 \\ \hline 1050840 \\ 1271 \end{array}$$

If 1 foot contain 12 inches I demand ^{many} how there
are in 126 feet —

$$\begin{array}{r} 126 \\ 12 \\ \hline 252 \\ 126 \\ \hline 126 \end{array}$$

of Compound Division

What is compound Division:

When several numbers of Divers Denominations
are given to be divided by 1 common divisor. It is called
Compound Division —

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{£ } 8 \text{ } 2 \\ 248 \text{ } -12-6\frac{1}{2} \\ 24 \text{ } -6-3\frac{1}{2} \\ \hline 2 \\ 48 \text{ } -12-6\frac{1}{2} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{ll } 0\frac{1}{2} \text{ } dr \\ 346 \text{ } -12-10 \\ 9 \text{ } -5-113 \\ \hline 5 \\ 46 \text{ } -12-10 \end{array}$$

Abraham Lincoln His Book.

A LEAF FROM ABE'S EXERCISE BOOK.

and buying the life of Henry Clay for him.
The Bible, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Cru-
soe, The Pilgrim's Progress, a History of

the United States, and the lives of Washington and Franklin soon became familiar to him. He loved to read, and he was so very anxious to procure other books that he borrowed from any neighbor who would lend. Weems' Life of Washington had been loaned to him by Mr. Crawford, his former teacher.

Before he had finished reading this book he left it in a window one day, when a rain-storm coming on the book was so thoroughly wet as to spoil it. Abraham was greatly pained by the accident. His honest heart would not allow Mr. Crawford to lose by his thoughtlessness, and he went to him, showed him the ruined volume and said, "This has happened through my neglect. I have not enough money to pay you for the book, but will 'work out' its value."

"Well, Abe," said Mr. Crawford, after thinking a little while, "as it's you I won't be

hard on you. Come over and pull fodder for two days and we will call our account even."

It was in this life of Washington that young Abraham Lincoln first began to study the history of American independence. He was young, but very thoughtful, for he afterwards spoke of the impression it made on him. Once when speaking to the Senate of New Jersey of the battle of Trenton, he said, "I recollect thinking then, boy though I was, that there must have been something more than common that those men struggled for."

Much as Abe loved to read of battles, and of the lives of great men, he was not satisfied with what he could learn from these alone. He used to write and "do sums" in arithmetic on the wooden shovel by the fire-side. When he covered it with letters or figures, he shaved off the surface and began again.

Although he was fond of his books, he liked to play as well, and was a leader in all out-door sports. He loved to swim, hunt, jump, run races, box, and could throw every boy in the neighborhood; besides, he must have been what our boys call a "good shot." One day when he was only a little boy, he was sitting in his cabin home in Indiana. He saw through a crack in the log walls a flock of wild turkeys. He at once took down the old rifle, put the long barrel through the opening, took hasty aim and fired. When the smoke cleared away, he walked out and picked up a dead turkey.

VIII.

HARD WORK.

It was not long after this that he took a grist upon the back of his father's horse and went to a mill fifty miles away. This mill was a very crude one, driven by horse power. Each boy had to wait his "turn," no matter how far he was from home; he had also to use his own horse to propel the machinery. When Abe's turn came he hitched his mare to the lever. He was following her closely upon her rounds, and urging her with a switch, when suddenly, just as he was "clucking" to her, she gave him a kick which knocked him senseless. The moment he became conscious he finished his "cluck" and went on with his work.

From the time Abraham left school, until he was of age, his father let him out to the neighbors for any job that was offered. When he was seventeen he was earning six dollars a month and his board and lodging, but his father got all the money. Sometimes he husked corn, at other times he split rails or slaughtered hogs. There was no easy work. Perhaps it might have seemed easier to Abe if he could have kept some of his own earnings, but much as he longed for money to buy books, he seemed never to have complained of his lot. He must have disliked the constant drudgery, as he was ambitious to do better things.

How strange it seems to us to read of his gratitude and pride when he earned his first dollar. Long afterward when he was President, he told the story to some friends at the White House.

He said, "Seward, you never heard, did

you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," rejoined Mr. Seward.

"You know," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I belong to what they call 'the scrubs' down South.

"We had raised, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion, I got the consent of my mother to go. I constructed a little flat boat large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, down to the nearest market. We had, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flat boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger, or improve it in any particular,

when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flat boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat. They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on the deck.

"The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money.

“Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could hardly believe that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in so short a time by honest work. The world seemed kinder and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.”

IX.

IN ILLINOIS.

When Abe was nearly twenty-one years old, his father concluded to move to Illinois. He thought his poverty was due to his surroundings, and believed he could do better in another state. In February, he and his family, with their scanty household goods, began a journey which lasted fourteen days. Finally they stopped at a bluff on the Sangamon, a stream which flows into the Illinois river. Here Thomas Lincoln, with an ax, saw, and knife, built a rough cabin of hewed logs; a smokehouse, and a stable. It was now almost time for Abe to start out in life for himself, but before he went, he, with the aid of John Hanks, cleared fifteen acres

of land, split rails and fenced it in, planted it with corn and gave it to his father as the last work of his boyhood.

After he left home, his life at first did not change much from what it had been when he worked for his father. He did any job he could find. He split four hundred rails for Mrs. Nancy Miller "for every yard of brown jeans, dyed with white walnut bark, that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers."

After this job was completed he met a man named Offutt, who asked him and two other young men to take a cargo of hogs, pork, and corn to New Orleans. The three men were to have each fifty cents a day, and sixty dollars to divide equally among them at the end of the journey. Abe and his two companions accepted the offer, and started on their long journey down the Mississippi. They met many hardy planters

and other raftsmen, with whom they exchanged stories around the evening camp fire.

As the three men went farther and farther down the Mississippi, the songs of the slaves could be heard as they returned from their



OFFUTT'S MILL AT SALEM.

work. The plaintive melodies touched Mr. Lincoln deeply. He said to himself, "Poor souls, their bondage is told in their songs." When he arrived at one city on the route, he saw some colored people in chains waiting to be sold. His eye flashing with indignation he exclaimed, "If ever I get a

chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery), I'll hit it hard." He then made up his mind to help the colored race if he ever had the opportunity.

At last, New Orleans was reached. "There the young men sold the boat and its load;" after which they started on their long tramp home. When Lincoln reached New Salem, Mr. Offutt offered him a clerkship in his store. He accepted, and while staying in the neighborhood met Jack Armstrong, whose family was afterward very kind to him. Jack himself, until Abraham Lincoln came into the neighborhood, had been the champion athlete of the community. He did not believe that any man was stronger or more active than himself, but one day a champion match was arranged in which Abraham Lincoln came off victor. Jack admired the skill and strength of his opponent so much that they were warm friends ever afterward.

As you know, Abraham was always anxious to secure any book. At this time he desired, especially, an English grammar. Having sought one in the neighborhood in vain, he heard of one six miles away. The next morning he got up early, walked over and borrowed it. He studied every page in it and soon knew it almost by heart. Perhaps it was during the time he was studying the grammar and committing rules that he charged the woman more than was due for her goods.

You have, no doubt, read the story of how one day, when he was busy, a woman came in to make some purchases, and he, through mistake, charged her six and one-fourth cents too much. He did not discover the error until she had gone home. He was very sorry and was eager for night to come that he might have time to return the money. The moment he closed the store he started

out on a journey of six miles to give the woman what was due her. He was no doubt very tired on his return home, but do you not believe he slept the more soundly for having been honest? Honesty was his watchword.

Before the end of the year Mr. Offutt failed in business and Abraham was left without employment.

X.

A LOOK AT THE COUNTRY.

Suppose we take a look at the country, and leave Abe to seek work. The settlers knew nothing, by experience, of comfortable homes, of plenty of books, of handsome clothes. Their only social gatherings were horse racings, corn shuckings, political meetings, quiltings, weddings, log-rollings where the neighbors gathered to collect the logs of a newly-cleared lot for burning, or at a house-raising where a cabin was set up for a new comer. Once in a long time a dance was given. Men and women danced barefoot. They could not do any better, for their boots and shoes were likely to be home-made. The boys and girls who were born in the

settlement, like Abraham Lincoln, had no idea of better times, but the people helped each other with a generous kindliness of which our grandfathers boast today.

When Abe was growing to manhood the hunting shirt and leggings made of skins were considered a fashionable garb. A young lover who could wear buck skin breeches, dyed green, was sure to captivate the hearts of the girls. By the time, however, that Abe was grown, jeans pants were fashionable, and the girls wore dresses of home-spun linsey, dyed with butternut hulls. The houses were mostly "half-faced camps," open upon one side to the weather, but some of the settlers had cabins without doors, floors, or windows. Others a little more wealthy, had greased paper windows and puncheon floors. At one corner the bed was made by driving crotched sticks into the ground, from which poles extended to

the crevices of the walls. Boards were laid on these poles, then leaves, skins, and bed-clothing covered the boards.

Three-legged stools and tables were hewn from trees. This was done with an ax, which the owner often walked miles to sharpen. When a girl wanted a mirror, she scoured a tin pan. The women washed their clothes in troughs. Men plowed the ground with wooden plows.

There was scarcely any money in use, but people exchanged one kind of goods for another. The village groceries were meeting places for the men from miles around. There the stories were told and laughed at. There the political discussions arose, and there sometimes fights took place. Abraham Lincoln was always the center of an admiring group at such times. He was witty, good-natured, and had a never-ending fund of bright stories. All these things made

him a favorite with the common people. He became interested in them and understood how to please them.

Whatever else may be said of those early times the people, as a rule, were honest, as the following story will show: A man left his wagon load of corn stuck in the prairie mud for two weeks. The road in which the wagon stood was traveled over frequently. When he returned to get his wagon, some of his corn was gone, but on opening the sacks, he found money enough to pay for what had been taken. If any one did steal anything, and the people found it out, the thief and his family had to leave the neighborhood.

It must seem strange to you to hear how they conducted court in Lincoln's district at that time. During the morning the men gathered. "Boys, come in, our John is going to hold court," the sheriff would say. The

men then entered the tavern or log cabin and took seats beside the judge on the bench. The judge would hear the evidence and soon turn the case over to the jurors, who pronounced judgment upon the case.

All this was true during Lincoln's boyhood; but a few years later, instead of the log cabins in the villages, two-story frame houses, comfortably furnished and with some well-filled book shelves, became more common.

During those few years Illinois had improved so rapidly that all modes of life were different. Men of more ability and fortune had sought homes in the great West, and brought civilization with them.

XI.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

Perhaps you would like to hear something of the Indians who lived near these settlers.

There is little to tell, since the early settlers of Illinois were seldom troubled with the Indians, as were the early settlers of other states. Sometimes a woman alone in her cabin was frightened by the appearance of an Indian; at other times poultry or pigs disappeared, and the settlers knew that some red man made way with them. But few people were ever hurt or killed.

It is said that one day a great chief in his paint and feathers came to a family who were clearing a piece of timber, and said, "Too much come white man t'other side

Sangamon." He threw a handful of dried leaves in the air to show how he would scatter the pale faces, but he never kept his word. He came into the villages sometimes, but only to ask for a drink. But there was one tribe that still gave trouble. The name of their leader was Black Hawk. In 1832 Governor Reynolds issued his call for volunteers to move the tribe of Black Hawk across the Mississippi. For years the Rock Island neighborhood had been kept in terror by raids of this Indian chief.

Among the first to volunteer was Abraham Lincoln, who was twenty-three years old. Then it was that his companions showed their appreciation of him as a leader. He was much surprised when they chose him as their captain. Some one suggested an election, and immediately three-fourths of the men walked over and stood in pairs behind him. This was their plan



BLACK HAWK.

of voting. Later in life he said he appreciated this unsought honor more than any ever conferred upon him. It was his start in life.

His company immediately marched to join its regiment. When the company had been on the march three days they came to the Henderson river, "a stream some fifty yards wide, swift, and swollen with the spring thaws." The banks were both high and steep. Many armies would have turned back, or waited for the river to fall, but those back-woodsmen went to work like beavers, and in less than three hours the river was crossed, with the loss of only one team of horses and a wagon.

When they came to Yellow Banks on the Mississippi, the provision boat had not arrived, and they waited for three days without food—Governor Reynolds with the others. When the boat arrived with sup-

plies, Governor Reynolds thought it was the most beautiful boat he had ever seen.

The war did not last long, yet there is one very interesting story connected with it. Black Hawk, the Chief, was taken captive and carried in triumph to President Jackson, in Washington. This is what he said to the President: "I am a man, you are another: I did not expect to conquer the white people. I took up the hatchet to avenge injuries which could no longer be borne. Had I borne them longer my people would have said: 'Black Hawk is a squaw; he is too old to be a chief; he is no Sac.' I say no more; all is known to you." He was returned to Iowa, and died a few years later at his camp in Des Moines. His people buried him in gala dress with cocked hat and sword, and the medals presented to him by two governments.

One June morning, only a short time after

Lincoln had enlisted as a soldier, he was mustered out, the war being over. He and a friend named Harrison started to walk to New Salem from White Water, Wisconsin, a distance of over two hundred miles. Some soldiers who were more anxious to get home had taken both of their horses, but they started off merrily on foot on their long journey.

Mr. Harrison says of their journey: "When we arrived at Peoria we bought a little canoe, and Mr. Lincoln made an oar while I bought food for the voyage. There was but a slight current, as the river was low, so we did not make as good time as we could have made with our legs on shore. We used to let our boat drift all night, and when we awoke in the morning we recognized the surrounding objects of the evening before. Thus you can see how slowly we went, but we paddled our way to Pekin where we

overtook two men on a raft of sawlogs. They invited us on their raft, and prepared breakfast for us. Abe certainly relished the feast of fish, bread, butter, eggs, and coffee, and we both ate more than was good for us, this being our first warm meal for several days. When we had finished breakfast we went back to our canoe, and after some time reached Havana, where we sold our boat and started on our walk home. It was not easy walking in the loose sand. Lincoln made long stides and slipped back six inches every step. These steps just fitted me, and he had a hearty laugh at my walking in his tracks to keep from slipping."

XII.

CANDIDATE FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Lincoln arrived in New Salem only ten days before the August election. In this election he was deeply interested, for before he had enlisted as a soldier, he had announced himself as a candidate for the legislature. For some time he had been practicing public speaking, and had learned to think on his feet. In fact, he had been making speeches ever since he was a boy. Some of the old farmers, for whom he worked, used to tell how they had been annoyed at finding their men listening to Abe's speeches instead of harvesting the grain.

One day Mr. Posey, a candidate for the legislature, made a speech in Macon. John

Hanks, a cousin of Lincoln's, said, "Abe can beat that." He turned a keg on end, Abe mounted it and made his speech, and it was said by those who heard him that "Abe did beat it to death."

It is also told of him that when he was about sixteen years old he walked fifteen miles to a trial at Booneville. This was his first experience in court, and he was intensely interested in everything that took place. When the famous lawyer, Mr. Breckinridge, began pleading in defense of his client, the boy was simply carried beyond himself.

The moment the eminent man concluded his speech, Abraham Lincoln, the poorly dressed, barefooted country lad walked across the court room, clasped the hands of the lawyer and exclaimed: "That was the greatest speech I ever heard." Little, perhaps, did the great Mr. Breckinridge imagine

that he had awakened the fire of ambition and patriotism in this boy's heart, that would lead to his election to the greatest office in the gift of a nation. But it was true, for from that day on, Abraham Lincoln believed he would become president of the United States.

Just ten days before the election day, Abraham Lincoln began his canvass for a seat in the state legislature. The circular letter in which he announced himself contained these words: "I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained in the humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or powerful relations to recommend me." He added that he appealed to the independent voters of the country, and if they elected him they would confer a favor upon him for which he would labor unremittingly to repay them.

In those days it was the practice for rival

candidates to meet and make speeches, that the people might judge of their ability. Mr. Lincoln's first campaign speech was made at Pappsville. You will be interested to hear what he said: "I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet. I am in favor of a national bank, am in favor of the internal improvement system, and of a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

Springfield was then the center of all political conflicts, and a few days after the speech, quoted above, he made a better one there, which impressed the people favorably, but at the election he was defeated.

XIII.

SURVEYOR, POSTMASTER, AND LAWYER.

After his defeat, Lincoln, with a man named Berry, opened a country store. This business was a failure. Berry died, leaving a debt which Lincoln worked hard for years to pay. His sense of honor compelled him to pay this debt, although it could not have been collected legally.

During the days when he was merchant he began to read law from books borrowed from Major Stuart, a friend he had made at Springfield. He used to lie on his back under a big oak tree poring over these books. Some one describes him with his feet resting on the trunk of the tree, his

long, gaunt figure, habited in homespun, stretched to its full length on the grass.


Having determined to become a good lawyer, he never lost a moment that he could spend in profitable study. He bought a second-hand copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, and mastered it in a few months. He often walked to Springfield, a distance of fourteen miles, to borrow some book, which he studied all the way home. It was not many months before he began to practice law before country juries; but in spite of his economy and industry he found it difficult to earn sufficient money to pay for his board and clothes.

He now turned to a different occupation in order to support himself until his law practice grew. He had, before moving to Illinois, learned a little about surveying. He now began to study again and, without any teacher, he learned enough from a book

in six weeks to become so expert as to be chosen deputy surveyor of Sangamon county, and it is said that he used a grape-vine for a chain.

About this time he was appointed postmaster of New Salem. He accepted this office because it afforded an opportunity to study, and he read eagerly every paper that came to the office. He carried the mail in his hat, and whenever he met a person for whom he had a letter, stopped and gave it to him. He kept the office until New Salem ceased to be a post station. Years after, he was called on by an agent of the government with a bill for seventeen dollars, the balance due from the New Salem office. Abraham Lincoln had known long years of pinching poverty since the postoffice had closed, and his friends present, being afraid that he had been obliged to use the money, began to search for their pocketbooks to loan him

what was needed. He thought a moment, walked to the corner, unlocked a little trunk, took out an old cotton handkerchief, and in this was rolled up seventeen dollars which he handed to the agent, saying, "Here it is; I never use any man's money but my own."



XIV.

LINCOLN AS LEGISLATOR.

You remember that Mr. Lincoln was defeated the first time he was a candidate for the legislature. Two years rolled round and the time came to elect another legislator in Sangamon county. His friends asked Lincoln again to be their candidate. He did so, and was elected.

It was a proud moment for this sturdy young man from the backwoods; this first political victory. It was no small honor. He began to realize that all his years of honesty, toil, self-sacrifice, and ambition really counted for something. In spite of his poverty and lack of advantages he would yet make for himself a noble career.

His election to the legislature opened a new life for him. At Vandalia, where the General Assembly then met, he associated with more intelligent men, and became acquainted with better forms of society than he had ever known.

Although he was very awkward, and extremely homely, his kindness, unselfishness, and modesty won him friends and position in the best society of the capital. He, like other members of the legislature, wore a decent suit of blue jeans; and was rather a quiet young man, good natured and sensible. Among the first persons he met there was Stephen A. Douglas. Before the winter was over his strong common sense made a marked impression, and his honesty and faithfulness won the loyal support of his constituents, who re-elected him for a second term.

When he announced himself for the sec-

ond term he expressed his views in the following letter: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government, who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently I am for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females)." He was elected by the Whigs, and served his county faithfully as he had promised.

On his return to his home, a dinner was given in his honor. This was one of the toasts offered: "Abraham Lincoln, one of nature's noblemen."

One of the most important questions before the assembly during Mr. Lincoln's second term was the removal of the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. Mr. Lincoln used his influence and helped to secure it for the latter place. This so pleased the people of Springfield that they urged him to make his future home there. He accepted

the invitation, and became the law partner of his old friend, John T. Stuart.

Mr. Lincoln was elected to the legislature for the third time directly after he moved to his new home, and was re-elected every term until after the memorable log-cabin campaign when William Henry Harrison was elected president. This was called the log-cabin campaign because General Harrison had once lived in one, and his opponents had made fun of his poverty.

XV.

HARRISON ELECTED PRESIDENT.

The whole nation was wildly excited. At every voting precinct a log-cabin was seen. The Harrison men hung a gourd on one side of the door and a coon-skin on the other. This pleased the common people and the old settlers.

Abraham Lincoln began making speeches for Harrison, and threw his powerful energy and zeal into the campaign. On the opposing side was a young lawyer known as "The Little Giant," whose real name was Stephen A. Douglas. These two young lawyers met in joint debate, and those who heard them say no more interesting political speeches were ever made. Everybody admired the

cleverness of these two gifted young speakers, and scarcely any one was able to say which was the brighter man. It must have been a pleasure for Mr. Lincoln to have General Harrison elected, even though Illinois did not cast her vote for him.

Soon after he went to live at Springfield, he had an opportunity to befriend a family who had once kindly offered him a home for the winter. The name of the family was Armstrong. You have not forgotten Jack Armstrong, the champion athlete. It was at his home that Abe had spent the winter after he lost every thing in the store. Jack had never been a good boy, and now word came to Mr. Lincoln that his old friend had been charged with murder. Mr. Lincoln could not believe he was guilty. Jack's mother, who was now a widow, did not believe it either, but she was poor, and was not able to employ a lawyer to defend her

son. She was in despair. But one day her heart was made glad by the following letter:

“SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept. 18, 18—.

Dear Mrs. Armstrong:

I have just heard of your deep affliction, and the arrest of your son for murder. I cannot believe he can be guilty of the crime alleged against him. It does not seem possible. I am anxious that he should have a fair trial, at any rate, and gratitude for your long continued kindness to me in adverse circumstances prompts me to offer my humble services gratuitously in his behalf. It will afford me an opportunity to requite, in a small degree, the favors I received from you and your lamented husband, when your roof afforded me grateful shelter, without money and without price.

Yours truly,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

Mr. Lincoln went to the trial. When one of the witnesses perjured himself by testifying that he saw the murder committed by the light of the moon, Mr. Lincoln proved by the almanac that the moon was not shining on that night. Mr. Lincoln closed his speech

to the jury in these words: "If justice is done, as I believe it will be, before the sun shall set it will shine upon my client a free man."



THE HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN LIVED AFTER HIS
MARRIAGE.

The jury retired, and in half an hour returned with the verdict, "Not guilty."

As soon as these words were pronounced, Jack Armstrong rushed to Mr. Lincoln, grasped his hand, but could not speak. Mr.

Lincoln pointed to the west and said, "It is not yet sundown, and you are free."

Mr. Lincoln rose rapidly in his profession as a lawyer. He now felt able to have a home of his own. The lady who became his wife was Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky. The wedding occurred on the 4th of November, 1842.

Two years latter he was elected to congress, and on the first Monday in March of the following year he took his seat. There he met again his former opponent, Stephen A. Douglas. He met many other men of prominence, among whom were John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Jefferson Davis. One very notable thing which he did during this term was to introduce a bill abolishing the slave trade in Washington City.

XVI.

HIS GREAT DEBATE WITH DOUGLAS.

When Mr. Lincoln's term in congress closed, he returned to Springfield, where he again settled down to the practice of law. His business grew rapidly but his fees were small, and he seldom made more than \$2,000 a year. Five years passed and again Mr. Lincoln entered public life. Through the influence of Mr. Douglas a law had been passed admitting Kansas and Nebraska as slave states if they should adopt a constitution favoring it. The whole country was wild with excitement. Of course Abraham Lincoln opposed the bill with all his strength. He went before the people of Illinois, and pleaded with them

to send a senator to congress who was opposed to the further extension of slavery.

Stephen A. Douglas was a candidate for reelection to the senate, and was defending himself for having used his influence to permit Kansas to become a slave state.

In one of his speeches he said, ‘I do not care whether slavery is voted into or out of the territories. The question of slavery is one of climate. Wherever it is to the interest of the inhabitants of a territory to have slave property, there a slave law will be enacted.’

Mr. Lincoln understood the fallacy of this argument, but he appreciated the shrewdness of his opponent. He knew that only truth could convince the people; that nothing either of them could say, personally, unless it carried with it the force of truth, would long have weight. He felt, however, that truth and right were on his side.

He replied, "The men who signed the Declaration of Independence said that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

* * * I beseech you, do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of Independence."

In May, 1856, a convention was held at Bloomington, Illinois, to form a new political party. At this convention Mr. Lincoln made a speech which will never be forgotten by those who heard it, and which history says was one of the greatest speeches ever made.

"Again and again, during its delivery, the audience sprang to their feet, and, by long continued cheers, showed how deeply the speaker had moved them." When the new party was formed and given the name of Republican Party, it was natural that Mr. Lincoln should become its leader in Illinois.

The two great political parties of the United States were then, as now, known as Democratic and Republican. In the following election the Democratic candidate, Mr. Buchanan, was victorious.

During his administration, one of the most interesting senatorial contests ever known in Illinois took place. The choice of the Republican party was Mr. Lincoln; his opponent, the Democratic candidate, was Mr. Douglas.

It was decided that Lincoln and Douglas should meet in joint debate at different points in the state. Seven towns were selected, so distributed as to accommodate all the people. The Little Giant, as Douglas was called, was enthusiastically followed by his friends from city to city. Music, banners, fireworks, dinners, receptions accompanied every engagement.

Lincoln conducted a splendid campaign.

He again pleaded for justice, liberty, and peace.. Douglas expected to be a candidate for the presidency in 1860, and made the effort of his life in these speeches. Lincoln made the stronger impression upon the people, but the Democratic party being in the majority, won the victory.

XVII.

HIS NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT.

Before the Republican convention, held in 1860 to nominate a president for the United States, there were a number of political meetings held throughout the state of Illinois. At one of these in Decatur, John Hanks entered carrying two rails that had been made by Lincoln many years before. These he solemnly presented to the assembly. The present was received with roars of laughter and shouts of applause. The same rails were carried to the Chicago convention. The ladies decorated them with flowers and lighted them with tapers. They were the chief ornaments of the Illinois headquarters during that exciting week.

From that time Mr. Lincoln was called the "Illinois Rail Splitter."

On May 16, 1860, the Republican convention to nominate a candidate for president was held in Chicago. That was just how many years ago? At that time the city had only one hundred thousand inhabitants.

There was not a hall in the city large enough to hold the convention. An enormous structure called "The Wigwam" was built. On the third day, Mr. Lincoln's name was presented with the names of other candidates. It was a day of intense excitement in the convention and throughout the country.

After two ballots everybody became quiet.

The delegates footed up their own columns as the roll was called.

They found Abraham Lincoln needed only one and one half votes to nominate him. Suddenly all became so still that the

pencil scratches could be easily heard; not a fan waved, not a voice was audible. Everybody leaned forward to see and hear what would happen next. In a moment David K. Carter sprang upon his chair and shouted that Ohio would give Lincoln four more votes.

“Only a pause of a second, and the teller waved his tally sheet toward the skylight and shouted a name. The boom of a cannon on the roof told the people the nomination was made. Abraham Lincoln’s name was carried with the speed of lightning to every part of the great Union. The delegates who left Chicago that night soon learned that the people were pleased with the work they had done. At every station there were tar barrels burning, drums beating, boys carrying rails, and guns, great and small, banging away.” Throughout the entire campaign rails were destined to play a conspicuous part.

XVIII.

HIS ELECTION.

The period following the nomination was a very exciting one; Stephen A. Douglas was Mr. Lincoln's opponent, and many of the ministers in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln's own city, were reported as favoring Mr. Douglas, because they thought Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian. When he heard this he uttered these noble sentiments:

“I know there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery; I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think he has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right,

for Christ teaches it, and Christ is the son of God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same; and they will find it so. Douglas does not care whether slavery



LINCOLN'S SPRINGFIELD HOME.

is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I cannot fail. I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindi-

cated; and these men will find that they have not read their bibles aright."

Mr. Lincoln was elected in November, and inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1861. He left his home in Springfield on the 11th of February.

To his friends and neighbors who accompanied him to the station he said good-bye in the following words:

"My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century, here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He would never have succeeded except by the aid of Divine Providence, upon which

he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him. On the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Mr. Lincoln spoke in a number of cities on his way to Washington.

Everywhere he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. But there were many people in the United States who bitterly opposed his election, and some had determined that he should never be inaugurated. These bitter thoughts led to the formation of a party to assassinate him in Baltimore as he passed through that city. Happily he was warned of the danger, changed his route, and reached Washington in safety.

XIX.

MR. LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT.

His great inaugural address as president of a nation divided in sentiment and purpose, closed with these words:

“If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side of the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance upon Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict with-

out being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The four distressing years of our civil war followed. We will not dwell upon that conflict. The President made every endeavor to restore peace and preserve the Union, but at length he felt the only way to gain these ends was to free the slaves. Soon

afterwards he issued his famous proclamation which liberated them.

In 1862 there was a great battle fought at Gettysburg, where many soldiers died for the Union. The people of Pennsylvania decided to give the battlefield as a national burying ground. At the dedication on November 19, 1863, Mr. Lincoln spoke these grand words. They will live forever in the hearts of American citizens:

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

“Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for

those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new

birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

At the close of his first term Mr. Lincoln was reelected.

Those who knew him then, and those who have studied his life since, were not surprised at his reelection. People cannot fail to appreciate him when they know what a pure, generous, noble-hearted patriot he was.

No doubt God had listened to the prayers he had made just before leaving Springfield, and had given him strength and guidance through these four awful years. His second inaugural address was the most perfect state paper ever written. It closed with these words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us finish the work we are engaged in, to bind up the nation's wound, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and

for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Although we cannot record half his noble deeds, we wish to give you some of the incidents which show his tenderness and love to all who needed it; and to have you see that he really had "malice toward none and charity for all."

XX.

STORIES OF MR. LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.

A poor little drummer boy, pale and delicate, and only thirteen years old, came one day with many others to see the President. The President spied the little fellow in the crowd and kindly said, "Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want." The child went up to him and leaning against his arm-chair said timidly: "I have been a drummer boy two years in one regiment; but my colonel got angry with me and turned me off. I was taken ill, and have been in the hospital a long while. Today is the first time I have been out, and I have come to ask you to do something for me."

The President inquired of the child very kindly where he lived. "I have no home; my father died in the army, and my mother, too, is dead," said the poor boy, bursting into tears. "I have no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no home, nowhere to go; nobody cares for me," he sobbed in great distress. The President's eyes were full of tears; he said, tenderly, "Can't you sell newspapers, my child?" "No," replied the boy, "I am too weak, and the surgeon says I must leave the hospital, and I have no money." The President was much affected; he did not speak, but he took a card from his pocket and wrote on it special directions to certain officers to care for the poor little drummer boy. The child's pale face lighted up with a joyous and grateful smile when he received the card, and he felt that he had one friend in the world, the good President.

One afternoon, a Washington correspondent went into the President's office and found him counting greenbacks.

“This, sir,” said Mr. Lincoln, “is out of my usual line, but this money belongs to a poor negro who is a porter in the Treasury Department, at present very bad with the smallpox. He is now in the hospital, and could not draw his pay, because he could not sign his name. I have been at considerable trouble to overcome the difficulty and get it for him, and have at length succeeded *in cutting red tape*, as you newspaper men say. I am now dividing the money, and putting by a portion in an envelope, according to his wish.”

Mr. Lincoln was never forgetful of any of his poor relations. He helped them in every way he could, and always visited them when in their neighborhood. On one occasion, when urged to stay with a party of

friends at a fashionable hotel he said, "Why, Aunt's heart would be broken, if she knew I had been so near, and did not come to see her." Off he rode over six miles of dusty road to spend the night with his humble relative.

✓✓ His stepmother once said of him, "Abe was a good boy, and I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say—Abe never gave me a cross look or word, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything that I requested of him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. He was here after he was elected President. He was a dutiful son to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or expect to see."

Miss Kate Roby relates an incident which illustrates alike Lincoln's proficiency in orthography and his natural inclination to help another when in need of help. The word "defied" had been given out by Schoolmaster Crawford, but had been misspelled once or twice when it came Miss Roby's turn. She tells the following story: "Abe stood on the opposite side of the room and was watching me. I began, d-e-f-, and then I stopped, hesitating whether to proceed with an *i* or a *y*. Looking up, I beheld Abe, a smile covering his face, and pointing with his index finger to his eye. I took the hint, spelled the word with an *i*, and went through all right."

One evening soon after his election as President, while Mr. Lincoln was attending a reception in Chicago, he saw a little girl coming timidly toward him.

He at once went to her and asked what she wished. She replied, "I want you to write your name for me." Mr. Lincoln looked back into the room and said: "But here are other little girls; they would feel badly if I should give my name only to you."

The little one replied, "There are eight altogether."

"Then," said Mr. Lincoln, "get me eight sheets of paper, and a pen and ink, and I will see what I can do for you." The little girl went out and quickly returned with the paper. The President sat down in the crowded drawing room, wrote a sentence upon each sheet, and signed his name. Every little girl carried off her souvenir.

Another afternoon during the visit to Chicago, Mr. Lincoln was shaking hands with all the guests, when a little boy entered the

room, and to everybody's surprise, took off his hat, and giving it a swing said, "Hurrah for Lincoln!"

Mr. Lincoln wended his way through the crowd to the child, picked him up, tossed him to the ceiling and said, "Hurrah for *you!*"

The Hon. W. D. Kell tells this pleasant story of Mr. Lincoln's kindness:

"I went to the President and told him that a little lad, whose home was in my town, had served a year on board the gun boat Ottawa, and had been in two important engagements—in the first as a powder-monkey.

"In this engagement he had been so cool and brave that he had been chosen a captain's messenger in the second engagement. I asked the President if he did not have it in his power to appoint to the naval school

the boys who had served a year in the navy. He at once wrote on the back of a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, 'If the appointments this year have not been made, let this boy be appointed.' The appointment had not been made, and I brought it home with me.

“The lad was to report in July, but his father found he was not old enough until the following September. The poor child sat down and wept. He feared that he was not to go to the naval school. He was, however, soon consoled by being told that the President could make it right. It was my fortune to meet him one morning at the door of the executive chamber with his father. Taking by the hand the little fellow—short for his age, dressed in the sailors blue pants and shirt—I led him to the President, who sat in his usual seat, and said: ‘Mr. President, my young friend,

Willie Bladen, finds a difficulty about his appointment. You have directed him to appear at the school in July; but he is not yet fourteen years of age.' But before I got half of this out, Mr. Lincoln, laying down his spectacles, rose and said: 'Bless me! Is that the boy who did so gallantly in those two great battles? Why, I feel that I should bow to him, and not he to me.' The little fellow had made his graceful bow.

'The President took the papers at once, and as soon as he learned that a postponement until September would suffice, made the order that the lad should report in that month. Then putting his hand on Willie's head he said: 'Now, my boy, go home and have some fun during the two months, for they are about the last holidays you will get.'

'The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the President of the United States,

though a very great man, was one with whom he would, nevertheless, like to have a romp."

One night during the war the President had retired, after a day of overwork. The sentinel was not to admit any one.

A congressman came, and after a long parley was told where he could find the President. The congressman was an old friend of Mr. Lincoln's, and went straight to his bedside. In an excited manner he told Mr. Lincoln he had just received a dispatch announcing the hour of execution of a young neighbor boy of his.

"This man must not be shot, Mr. President," said he. "I can't help what he may have done. Why, he is an old neighbor of mine. I can't allow him to be shot!" Mr. Lincoln had remained in bed, quietly listen-

ing to the vehement protesting of his old friend (they had been in congress together). He at length said: "Well, I don't believe shooting him will do any good. Give me that pen." And so saying "red tape" was unceremoniously cut, and another poor fellow's lease of life was indefinitely extended.

Both the steward and the cook had remonstrated with "Master Tad" upon bringing into the kitchen of the White House such squads of poor, dirty, hungry street urchins to be fed, and at last Peter said that Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Tad flew into a rage, ran upstairs to see his mother, and not finding her searched the place for his busy father.

Meanwhile, the small objects of his charity waited at the lower door—for Peter had absolutely refused to let them "step inside."

The indignant boy spied his father just crossing the yard, with head bowed, eyes to



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND TAD.

the ground, talking earnestly with Mr. Seward as they walked to the Department of State together.

He cried out to him at once: "Father! father! can't I bring those poor, cold hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Isn't it our kitchen? Can't I give them a good warm dinner today, say? They're just as hungry as bears, and two of them are the boys of a soldier, too! And, father, I'm going to discharge Peter this minute if he don't get out the meat, and chicken, and pies, and all the good things we had left yesterday! Say, mayn't I? Isn't it our kitchen, father?"

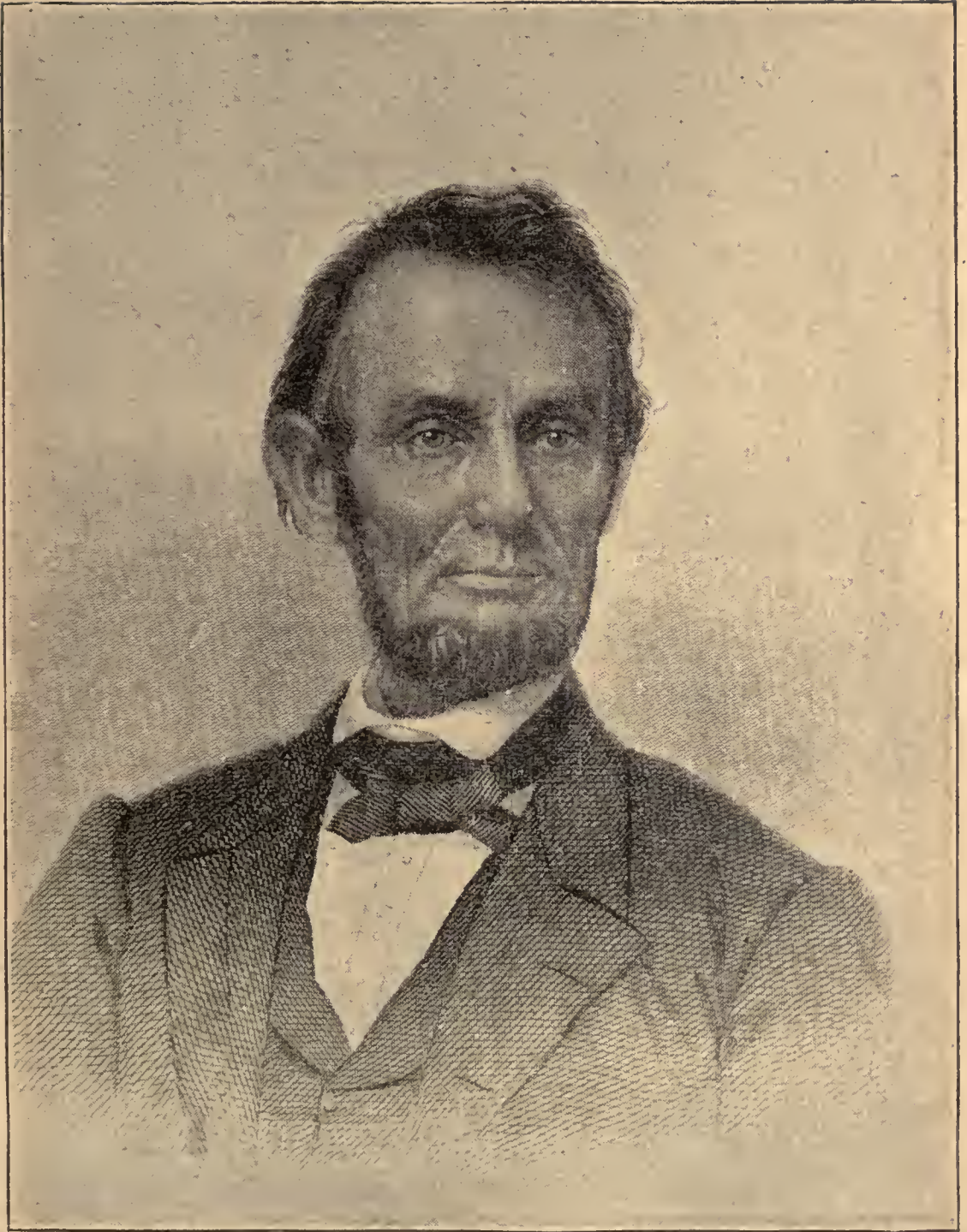
Secretary Seward was shaking with laughter.

Mr. Lincoln turned to him with a twinkle: "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy." Mr. Seward patted Tad on the head, and said he must be careful not to run the government in debt; and the President took Tad's little brown hands in his own big ones, and with a very droll smile, bade him "run along home and feed

the boys," and added: "Tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible by getting in the maimed and the blind, and that he must be a better Christian than he is."

"In less than an hour," Mr. Seward said, "we passed through the yard on our way to the cabinet meeting, and no less than ten small boys were sitting on the lower steps, cracking nuts, and having a State Dinner.

Mr. Lincoln remarked "*the kitchen is ours.*"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

XXI.

DEATH OF MR. LINCOLN.

The close of the war was near. In April, the President received the news that General Lee, commander of the Confederate armies, had surrendered. When the glorious tidings that the Union was preserved flashed over the wires, the country became wild with joy. Flags were hoisted everywhere. Bells were rung, cannons fired, bonfires were built, and prayers of thanksgiving were offered.

On the night after Lee's surrender there was a great celebration in Washington.

The White House and all the public buildings were brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flags. An immense throng

gathered about the Capitol to hear what the President would say.

Those who listened and cheered little thought that these would be the last words they would ever hear from the lips of the great man whom they loved.

Let us always remember that his last public speech contained this noble sentiment: "He from whom all blessing flow must not be forgotten." All his utterances that night were full of his great unselfish spirit. What a grand scene that was! The handsome building, the happy multitudes, the noble face of their great chief beaming upon them! What a contrast to the terrible picture of the following night! For then the city was plunged into mourning over the most tragic death our nation has ever known.

On the morning following, the President breakfasted with his son, Robert Lincoln, a member of Grant's staff. He listened with

deep interest to his son's description of Lee's surrender. After this he attended a cabinet meeting, and in the afternoon went for a long ride with Mrs. Lincoln. His heart was full of happiness, and the sad look usually on his face, gave way to smiles. That night they went to Ford's Theater. The manager had advertised that Mr. Lincoln would occupy a box. Every seat in the building was taken, as thousands were eager to see the President.

Between two of the acts, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, who considered Mr. Lincoln a tyrant, and whose heart was full of bitterness, entered the President's box and shot him. At first the audience did not know what had happened, but only a few minutes elapsed before they heard the fatal words, "The President has been shot, and the wound is mortal."

Never has our nation been so stricken by

the death of a citizen and leader. Captain Lincoln and little Tad did not grieve alone. The whole nation was fatherless.

He had given his life to the service of his people, and they realized that the nation had lost its grandest hero. The beautiful life was ended, but its influence is with us today, and the name of Lincoln will be ever linked with that of Washington.

The following poem, written by William Cullen Bryant, is a fitting close to our story:

O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust.
In sorrow by thy bier we stand
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.
Thy task is done—the bond is free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.
Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

WHEN LINCOLN DIED.

When Lincoln died a universal grief
Went round the earth. Men loved him in that hour.
The North her leader lost; the South, her friend;
The nation lost its savior; and the slave
Lost his deliverer, the most of all.
O, there was sorrow 'mid the humble poor.

When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a great soul passed from earth.
In him were strength and gentleness so mixed,
That each upheld the other. He was firm
And yet was kind; as tender as a child,
And yet as iron-willed as Hercules.
His power was almost limitless, and yet
His mercy was as boundless as his power.
And he was jovial, laughter-loving, still
His heart was ever torn with suffering.
There was divine compassion in the man,
A God-like love and pity for his race.
The world saw the full measure of that love,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a type was lost to men.
The earth has had her conquerors and kings
And many of the common great. Through all,
She only had one Lincoln. There are none
Like him in all the annals of the past.
He was the growth of our new soil; a child
Of our new time; he was American;
Was of the people, from the lowest rank;
And yet he scaled with ease the highest height.
Mankind one of its few immortals lost,
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, it seemed a providence ;
For he appeared as one sent for a work,
Whom, when that work was done, God summoned home.
He led a splendid fight for liberty ;
And when the shackles fell, the land was saved,
He laid his armor by and sought his rest.
A glory, sent from heaven, covered him,
When Lincoln died.

—*J. A. Edgerton.*





